

MARY HARTMAN,  
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #35

by

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FINAL DRAFT  
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY. . . . .	LOUISE LASSER
TOM . . . . .	GREG MULLAVEY
LORETTA . . . . .	MARY KAY PLACE
CHARLIE . . . . .	GRAHAM JARVIS
HEATHER . . . . .	CLAUDIA LAMB
GEORGE. . . . .	PHIL BRUNS
MARTHA. . . . .	DODY GOODMAN
STEVE . . . . .	ED BEGLEY, JR.
DORELDA DOREMUS . . . . .	
JOE VERNER. . . . .	
TV TECHNICIANS (ONE WITH LINES) . . . . .	
STUDIO AUDIENCE . . . . .	
A PARALYZED WOMAN . . . . .	

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ACT ONESCENE 1MARY'S KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

(BREAKFAST TIME. TOM ABSORBED  
IN SPORTS PAGE OF THE NEWSPAPER.  
MARY AT STOVE.)

MARY

You want some more coffee?

TOM

No, thanks.

MARY

You know, you never ask for a second  
cup of my coffee.

TOM

So?

MARY

In a happy marriage, the husband asks  
for a second cup of hiswife's coffee.  
You see it on television all the time.

TOM

Mary, if making good coffee leads to  
a happy marriage, how come you never  
see Mrs. Olson with her



MARY

Maybe he died.

TOM

From caffen poisoning!

MARY

What about tonight?

TOM

Okay, if it'll make you feel any better, I'll have a second cup tonight.

MARY

No, I mean are we going to Dorelda Doremus' TV show with Loretta and Charlie?

TOM

Dorelda Doremus is a fake. You read it in that magazine. All that halleluyah stuff and the laying on of hands and the miraculous cures -- it's as fake as her name.

MARY

But Loretta has faith. And you know what they say: faith can move mountains.

TOM

That doesn't mean Dorelda Doremus can move Loretta up out of her wheelchair.

MARY

Loretta and Charlie are our best friends. They want us to go. They believe in her.

TOM

Then they're stupid.

MARY

They have a right to be stupid.  
After all, what are friends for?

CUT TO:

SCENE 2

HAGGERS' BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

(LORETTA, LOOKING HER USUAL PERKY SELF, IS SITTING UP IN BED AS CHARLIE ENTERS, CARRYING TRAY OF BREAKFAST)

CHARLIE

(ENTERING AND CROSSING TO THE BED)  
Breakfast is served, your majesty.  
(PLACES TRAY ON BED)

LORETTA

Your majesty? Oh, Charlie...

CHARLIE

Well, you are my majesty. You're the queen of my heart. (KISSES HER)

LORETTA

I swear, you're gonna spoil me rotten.

CHARLIE

No fear. My pa always used to say,  
"Lovin' is too good for a bad woman,  
but it just makes a good woman better".  
There's a lot of philosophy in that if  
you stop to think about it.

LORETTA

It's amazing how one man can be  
so smart and so sexy.

CHARLIE

You talking about me or my pa?

LORETTA

(GETS THE JOKE) You know I'm talkin'  
about you, Baby Boy, and the only  
reason I don't jump up and show you  
how sexy I think you are is that  
temporarily my legs aren't working.

CHARLIE

That's only until Dorelda Doremus  
lays hands on them and cures them up  
by the power of the Lord.

LORETTA

Amen.

CHARLIE

You know, I wouldn't mind having  
Dorelda Doremus' job.

LORETTA

You?

CHARLIE

Sure. I'd enjoy laying hands on  
your legs any time.

LORETTA

(TURNED ON) Oh, you.

(SHE GRABS HIM AND, ALTHOUGH  
THE BREAKFAST TRY IS UPSET, IT  
LOOKS LIKE THERE'S GOING TO BE  
SOME LAYING ON OF HANDS, AS WE:)

FADE OUT.



ACT TWOSHUMWAY KITCHEN - LATER THAT MORNING

(GEORGE IS AT BREAKFAST. STEVE IS STANDING NEARBY, WRITING A NOTE. MARTHA IS AT DOOR TO LIVING ROOM)

MARTHA

(CALLING THROUGH DOOR) Cathy! Hurry up! You don't have to spend so much time making yourself beautiful! Steve thinks you're beautiful already.

GEORGE

Just look at him standing there writing me a letter. I wish he'd get lost.

MARTHA

That's cruel, George. If he got lost, he wouldn't be able to ask anybody for directions to get home.

GEORGE

Oh, happy day...

(STEVE, HAVING FINISHED HIS NOTE, HANDS IT TO GEORGE)



GEORGE (CONT'D)

Great. Every other man in this town is sitting at his breakfast table reading the newspaper, and I have to read letters from a guy that's makin' ready to steal my daughter and break my heart.

MARTHA

George, you feel such sweet feelings, but for all the wrong reasons.

GEORGE

Oh... (BEAT) Blow it out your barracks bag. (READS THE NOTE, REACTS) This guy must be out of his skull. You know what this letter says?

MARTHA

What?

GEORGE

He wants my blessing on his marriage to Cathy.

(STEVE POLITELY HANDS GEORGE HIS PAD AND PENCIL)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now he wants me to answer his letter.

MARTHA

Write him a polite answer, George.  
Be nice.

GEORGE

I'll be nice. (STARTS WRITING VICIOUSLY)

MARTHA

(MOVING INTO A CORNER, TALKING TO HER PLANT) What's going on in this house shouldn't happen. Cathy isn't speaking to George. George acts like he'd like to kill Steve. Rocks keep flying through the window, and he still says he's going to run for union office. I can't talk sense to him, and you know I'm a sensible woman. Sometimes I think everybody here is crazy. Not you, of course, darling. You're a love.

GEORGE

(LEAVES OFF WRITING AND CALLS:) How do you spell snow-ball? Is it one word or two?

MARTHA

Snowball?

GEORGE

Like in, "You've got about as much chance as a snowball in hell".

MARTHA

George, Cathy won't like that one bit. But I think it's one word.

(GEORGE RESUMES WRITING)

FADE OUT.

ACT THREEMARY'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

(MARY IS COOKING. THERE IS A POT BUBBLING OVER THE FIRE ON THE STOVE. MARY CAREFULLY MEASURES TWO CUPFULS OF SOME SUBSTANCE OUT OF A FOOD PACKAGE AND INTO A POT. SHE PUTS THE PACKAGE DOWN AND CAREFULLY ADDS A PINCH OF SALT. SHE POURS THE WHOLE THING INTO THE POT ON THE STOVE, AND IT IMMEDIATELY OVERFLOWS WITH A CONTINUING LAVA-LIKE FLOW. MARY PULLS THE POT OFF THE FLAME. SHE PICKS UP THE PACKAGE AND READS THE DIRECTIONS PRINTED ON IT)

MARY

Oh. One cupful. (SHE DISPOSES OF THE MESS)

(HEATHER COMES HOME)

MARY (CONT'D)

(FORCED PLEASANTNESS) Heather, what have you been doing all afternoon?

HEATHER

(WITHOUT MUCH SPIRIT) Hanging out.

MARY

That's nice. It gave you good color in your cheeks. That accentuates your bone structure. Your bone structure is one of your best features.



(HEATHER, SHOWING A TOTAL LACK OF INTEREST IN HER BONE STRUCTURE, TAKES OFF HER JACKET AND DUMPS IT ON A CHAIR)

MARY (CONT'D)

Hanging out? What's hanging out?

HEATHER

Hanging out is hanging out.

MARY

Oh. Listen, Heather. We haven't had a good mother-daughter talk for a long time. Wouldn't you like to sit down and have a good mother-daughter talk?

HEATHER

(GOING TO REFRIGERATOR) No. (TAKES BOTTLE OF COKE OUT OF REFRIGERATOR)

MARY

Don't drink that, dear. You'll spoil your appetite. (LOOKS AT THE CULINARY MESS SHE HAS THROWN AWAY) Well, it'll be a while. It's all right to drink it. Go ahead.

(BUT HEATHER HAS ALREADY UNCAPPED THE BOTTLE AND STARTED DRINKING)

MARY (CONT'D)

Come on, Heather, sit down and we'll have a nice talk.

(MARY AND HEATHER SIT AT THE TABLE. HEATHER GOES INTO HER SLOUCH SO THAT SHE IS MORE LYING THAN SITTING AND DRINKS HER COKE IN THAT POSITION)

MARY (CONT'D)

I know something's troubling you,  
Heather. And one thing I want you  
to know is that you can always talk  
to your mother about your troubles.  
So, go right ahead. Talk.

HEATHER

Uh -- uh.

MARY

That's all right. That's all right.  
A child has a right to privacy, and  
a mother should respect her child's  
privacy, and I respect your privacy.  
But I know what's troubling you.  
Because a mother knows her own child.  
(DISTRACTED BY WHAT HEATHER IS DOING)  
How can you drink when you're lying  
down?

HEATHER

It's easy. (RISES) I'm going to  
watch T.V. -- (STARTS FOR LIVING ROOM)

MARY

Heather, I just want you to know that  
you have no reason to be unhappy.  
Everything is all right. (RAISING  
HER VOICE TO CARRY TO HEATHER WHO HAS  
EXITED) Because we have a happy home.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

We do, Heather. Once again. A  
happy home.

(MARY PICKS UP THE JACKET WHICH  
HEATHER HAS SLOPPILY LEFT BEHIND.  
SHE BECOMES AWARE THAT THE  
POCKETS ARE OVERSTUFFED, AND SHE  
CLEANS THEM OUT, REMOVING CANDY  
WRAPPERS, USED KLEENEX -- AND A  
JOINT OF GRASS. THAT, OF COURSE,  
GIVES HER PAUSE. SHE STUDIES IT)

MARY

(CALLS) Heather... Heather, come here.

(HEATHER ENTERS FROM LIVING  
ROOM)

HEATHER

(RESENTFUL) I'm watching "My Little  
Margie".

MARY

(DISPLAYING THE JOING) Heather, what  
is this?

HEATHER

(CALM) A joint.

MARY

A what?

HEATHER

Grass. Marijuana.

MARY

I know what it is.

HEATHER

Then why did you ask me?



MARY

I didn't ask you what it is. I didn't say, "What is this?" I said, "What is this?"

HEATHER

Can I go watch "My Little Margie" now?

MARY

No, you cannot. We've got to have a talk. A very serious talk. A very, very serious talk. Where did you get this?

HEATHER

Bernice gave it to me.

MARY

She gave it to you?? She gave this dreadful narcotic to a twelve year old child?

HEATHER

Bernice is eleven.

MARY

That's not the point. The point is: this is terrible. Do you know what this narcotic can do to you? Do you have any idea? Do you have any conception?

HEATHER

I wasn't going to smoke it.

MARY

Then why did you take it?

HEATHER

So Bernice wouldn't think I was chicken.

MARY

Heather. Hea-ther. What's more important? Being chicken or ruining your whole life by becoming a narcotic addict.

HEATHER

I'm missing "My Little Margie". And Trudy wants me to sleep over tonight. Can I?

MARY

Heather, listen to me. I'm going to tell you something important. Something very, very important. There's only one place for this... this narcotic. Do you know where that is?

HEATHER

No.

MARY

(INDICATING) It's right there. Right there in this wastebasket. Now watch me. Are you watching.

HEATHER

Yes.

MARY

I'm throwing it in the wastebasket.

(DOES SO) That's the only place  
this... this... what did you call it?

HEATHER

Joint.

MARY

That's the only place this joint  
belongs. That's very important.  
Now remember that.

HEATHER

Okay, I'll remember. Now can I  
watch "My Little Margie"?

MARY

All right. And while you're watching  
think about this: your "Little Margie"  
did not smoke joints!

(HEATHER EXITS TO LIVING ROOM.  
MARY LOOKS AT THE JOINT. SHE  
PICKS IT OUT OF THE WASTEBASKET,  
TAKES IT TO THE TABLE, SITS,  
STUDIES IT. TOM, WITH LUNCHPAIL,  
COMES HOME FROM WORK, PROCEEDS TO  
DISPOSE OF LUNCHPAIL AND GET  
HIMSELF A BEER FROM REFRIGERATOR,  
AS:)

TOM

I got a line on a used car. It's a  
1974 Chevie Monza. It needs a valve  
job, but I can do that myself, and the  
price isn't bad. It's a great looking  
car.

(MORE)



TOM (CONT'D)

One of the tires is... (SEES THE  
JOINT MARY IS HOLDING AND IS SHOCKED:)

Mary! Is that --

MARY

I call it a joint.

FADE OUT.

ACT FOURSAME - FOLLOWING

TOM

When did you start smoking that stuff???

MARY

I never did.

TOM

Mary, are you leveling with me?

MARY

Certainly.

TOM

Then why are you looking so strange?

You're just sitting there staring  
at that thing.

MARY

I'm just thinking about it.

TOM

Thinking about getting stoned?

MARY

No, thinking about this thing.

TOM

Where'd you get it?

MARY

Out of the wastebasket. Heather brought it home and I threw it in the wastebasket.

TOM

Mary, it's not in the wastebasket, it's in your hand. How can it... Heather??? Where is she?

MARY

She was watching "My Little Margie", then she asked me if she could sleep over at Trudy's.

TOM

Trudy? Is that who gave her the joint?

MARY

No. Bernice gave it to her.

TOM

Who's Bernice?

MARY

Another friend. She's eleven years old.

TOM

What the hell are the kids in this country coming to? Do you know what that stuff does to you? It makes you an addict. Then you start using the real hard stuff. Those cigarettes mess up your mind.



MARY

Tom, I'm so glad we had this talk.  
I'm glad to know that's how you feel.  
Because you are right. You are so  
right. A thing like this doesn't  
belong in a respectable American home  
and I am going to take it and throw  
it right down the garbage disposal.

(MARY MOVES TO THE SINK BUT  
STOPS, AS:)

TOM

Mary, wait a minute.

MARY

What?

TOM

Wait a minute. Let me look at that  
thing.

MARY

What for?

TOM

Just let me look at it, okay?

MARY

Okay.

(SHE HANDS IT TO HIM. HE LOOKS  
AT IT THOUGHTFULLY)

TOM

(PENSIVE) You know something?

(MORE) \_

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll bet I'm one of the few grown men in this whole town who's never so much as had a puff on one of these things. Can you imagine? I mean, here I am, a grown man.

(SHORT PAUSE)

MARY

You mean you want to try it?

TOM

No. But what I was thinking is this: marijuana is a problem that every parent in America has to deal with.

MARY

Right.

TOM

But how can we know how to deal with it if we don't know what it is?

MARY

It's a joint.

TOM

I know it's a joint. But I don't know what it does, because I haven't had any experience with it.

MARY

Oh, you mean you think we should try it for scientific purposes?

TOM

Well, for parental purposes. So we can really know what we're talking about when we discuss this problem with Heather.

MARY

(DOUBTFUL) I don't know, Tom. I'm not sure it's a good idea for us to smoke this thing. I mean, even for parental reasons. I don't think we should smoke it. I really don't.

TOM

Have you got a match?

MARY

Yeah, here. (HANDS HIM A BOOK OF MATCHES)

(HE LIGHTS ONE)

TOM

(HOLDING THE FLAMING MATCH) I think you're supposed to inhale real deep.

(LIGHTS UP, INHALES, HOLDS IT, EXHALES, HANDS THE JOINT TO MARY, WHO TAKES A SIMILAR DRAG)

MARY

(HANDING THE JOINT BACK TO HIM) I don't feel a thing.

TOM

Neither do I. (TAKES ANOTHER DRAG)

FADE OUT.

ACT FIVETHE TV STUDIO - NIGHT

THE STUDIO AUDIENCE IS IN PLACE.  
TECHNICIANS ARE SETTING UP FOR TELECAST.  
CHARLIE IS IN AN AISLE SEAT, LORETTA NEXT  
TO HIM IN WHEELCHAIR. GENERAL ATMOSPHERE  
OF RESPECTFUL ANTICIPATION. CHARLEY  
LOOKS BACK TOWARD THE ENTRANCE DOOR.

CHARLIE

What's happened to Tom and Mary?

LORETTA

I talked to Mary on the phone before we  
left the house. She said they'd be here.

CHARLIE

Well, they better hurry up. The show  
starts pretty soon.

LORETTA

Mary sounded funny on the phone.

CHARLIE

What do you mean, "funny"?

LORETTA

"Funny." Not ha-ha, but hhhhhhhh...

CHARLIE

It's probably because she has so much  
on her mind.

LORETTA

What's she got on her mind now?



CHARLIE

Oh, her sister and her father and Tom  
and Lord knows what all.

LORETTA

Well, I sure hope they get here. It's just  
terrible the way Mary never has a religious  
experience. Lord knows she's a good  
woman, but if she never has a religious  
experience, she's not going to know how  
to act when she gets to Heaven.

MARY AND TOM, STONED OUT OF THEIR  
MINDS, ENTER. CHARLIE SEES THEM.

CHARLIE

Here they are.

THE FOUR OF THEM WAVE TO EACH OTHER.  
TWO VACANT SEATS, SOMEWHAT REMOVED  
FROM LORETTA AND CHARLIE, REMAIN, AND  
TOM AND MARY TAKE THEM. VERNER ENTERS  
AND ADDRESSES THE STUDIO AUDIENCE.

VERNER

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.  
We'll be on the air in a few minutes. This  
television studio will then become a temple  
of the Lord. Halleluyah. The Lord will  
speak to you through the lips of Dorelda  
Doremus. For half an hour, the Lord will  
be speaking to you just as if he was sitting  
having a cup of coffee with you in your own  
kitchen. Halleluyah.

(MORE)

## VERNER (CONT'D)

Of course, that's just gonna be for a half an hour, but you all be sure and come to the big revival meeting at the fair grounds next week and Dorelda Doremus will be talking up a storm through the Lord all afternoon. You all come and bring your friends. Tickets are five dollars apiece, which is cheap for an afternoon of talk with the Lord. But the spirit has moved Dorelda Doremus and she is making a special offer of four dollars and fifty cents for couples. And children under sixteen, just two dollars. Priase the Lord. Praise Dorelda Doremus. Halleluyah. Let the spirit move you. Dorelda Doremus will be here in a minute. Thank you for your devout attention.

VERNER STARTS TO EXIT BUT CHARLIE  
INTERCEPTS HIM RESPECTFULLY.

## CHARLIE

Excuse me, sir. I just want you to know that me and my wife are faithful followers of Dorelda Doremus. We subscribe to the "Newsletter for God," and we put our five dollars in the special envelope regular every month and mail it off for the work of the Lord.

VERNER

Bless you. You've seen the light.

CHARLIE

Yes, my wife has been being tested by the Lord and he's put her in a wheelchair, but only temporarily because we've got important work to do. We've got to get to Nashville where Loretta is going to become a superstar and make a lot of money and we're gonna tithe for the work of Dorelda Doremus, and like I say, we're in a hurry to get started, so I'd appreciate it if Dorelda Doremus would just take a minute tonight to lay hands on Loretta and raise her up out of that wheelchair.

VERNER

Oh, no, she won't have any time -- we've already got tonight's program planned.

CHARLIE

But...

VERNER

I'm sorry, but that's show business.

Keep the faith. Halleluyah.

VERNER EXITS. CHARLIE RETURNS TO HIS SEAT. DORELDA ENTERS, CLAD IN A FLOWING WHITE GOWN, GOES TO STAGE TABLE, SITS, BOWS HER HEAD IN PRAYER. THE AUDIENCE IS HUSHED. DORELDA SITS IN MOTIONLESS PRAYER.

MARY

Halleluyah.

DORELDA THROWS HER A DIRTY LOOK --  
WHICH SLIDES OFF MARY -- AND RETURNS  
TO PRAYER.

TECHNICIAN

Ten seconds to air.

DORELDA GIVES HIM THE THUMB-AND-  
FOREFINGER OKAY HIGH SIGN, CONTINUES  
TO PRAY.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

... and five... four... three... two...  
one... you're on.

DORELDA

Halleluyah!!

TOM

Halleluyah!

DORELDA

Good evenin', ladies and gentlemen of  
this vast Fernwood, Ohio, TV audience.  
Oh, I feel the spirit of the Lord on me  
tonight. Oh, I feel it, I feel it. He's  
speaking to me. Halleluyah. He says .  
for me to bless you all. Oh, bless you,  
bless you.

MARY

Crazy.

TOM

Wild.

DORELDA

Today the Lord sent unto me a poor woman,  
crippled with the paralysis.

(MORE)



## DORELDA (CONT'D)

And the Lord spoke to me, saying, "I have set you a test. If you have faith, if you believe in me, cure this poor woman. Lift her up and straighten her out. If you have faith, Dorelda Doremus, you can do this. Dare not to fail, Dorelda Doremus." I ask all you people to help me in this terrible test. Pray with me. (LOWERS HER HEAD IN PRAYER)

MARY

Halleluyah.

TOM

You'll do it. Hang in there.

DORELDA

Let the poor woman come forth.

A WOMAN, APPARENTLY HORRIBLY WARPED BY PARALYSIS, ENTERS AND DRAGS HERSELF TO DORELDA.

DORELDA

Do you have faith?

WOMAN

Yes.

DORELDA

Do you believe?

WOMAN

Yes.

DORELDA

Say it. Say you have faith.

WOMAN

I have faith.

DORELDA

Do you believe?

WOMAN

Oh, I believe. Halleluyah.

DORELDA

Are you in pain?

WOMAN

Oh, yes.

DORELDA

Are you wracked with pain?

WOMAN

Oh, I am wracked with pain.

DORELDA

Can you move your right leg?

WOMAN

No.

DORELDA

Hallelujah. Can you move your right arm?

WOMAN

No.

DORELDA

Do you believe the Lord can move them?

WOMAN

Yes. Yes.

MARY

Halleluyah.

TOM

Way to go!

DORELDA

Will you be healed?

WOMAN

Yes.

DORELDA

Will you be healed?

WOMAN

Yes.

DORELDA

Believe.

WOMAN

I believe.

DORELDA LAYS HANDS ON THE WOMAN.

DORELDA

Heal! Heal! Heal!

TOM

Go, man, go!

MARY

Holy, holy!

DORELDA

Be healed! Rise up and be whole!

WOMAN STRAIGHTENS OUT.

WOMAN

It's a miracle!

DORELDA

Are you healed?

WOMAN

Oh, yes, yes!

DORELDA

Are you whole?

WOMAN

I am whole!

DORELDA

Then go and work in the vineyards of the  
Lord.

WOMAN EXITS IN FINE FETTLE. DORELDA  
BOWS HER HEAD.

DORELDA (CONT'D)

Oh, thank you, Lord. Halleluyah.

Let us pray.

ALL BOW THEIR HEADS IN PRAYER. BUT  
TOM RISES, STROLLS TO LORETTA,  
WHEELS HER UP TO DORELDA.

TOM

Halleluyah, sister. Here's another one  
for you.

DORELDA LOOKS AT TOM IN MINGLED  
DISTRESS AND ANGER.

DORELDA

Not now, young man.

TOM

Come on, it'll just take you a minute.

VERNER ENTERS AND APPROACHES TOM.



VERNER

Please, sir. (TRIES TO GET HOLD OF THE  
WHEELCHAIR)

TOM

(COMING BETWEEN VERNER AND THE WHEELCHAIR)

It's okay, brother. This little lady  
is a true believer. (TO DORELDA) Just  
lay a few hands on her. Halleluyah.

DORELDA AND VERNER EXCHANGE LOOKS  
OF DISTRESS.

DORELDA

Very well. I shall try.

TOM

Try? You can swing it. Halleluyah.

MARY

Halleluyah.

DORELDA

Of course, you realize the spirit of the  
Lord may not still be upon me.

TOM

Sure it is. You're looking great.

DORELDA

(SOTTO TO VERNER, COVERED BY A SWEET  
SMILE AND HER SWEET VOICE) I thought you  
screened this crowd.

VERNER

(SOTTO) I did.

DORELDA

(SOTTO) Not well enough. You're fired.

(SHE TURNS AND SMILES FULL)

TOM

Let's get the show on the road.

DORELDA

Do you believe?

LORETTA

Oh, Lord, you wouldn't believe how I believe.

DORELDA

Do you have faith?

LORETTA

Faith? Why, I'm up to my chin in ever-loving faith.

DORELDA

(LAYING HANDS ON LORETTA) Then heal!

Heal! Rise up and be healed!

CHARLIE

Rise up, honey!

MARY

Glory, glory, halleluyah.

DORELDA

Rise up!

LORETTA STARTS TO RISE UP.

TOM

Way to go!

CHARLIE

Come on, Loretta. Keep rising up. You  
can do it.

LORETTA STANDS UPRIGHT, HER HAND ON  
THE WHEELCHAIR FOR SUPPORT. DORELDA  
IS AMAZED.

DORELDA

Are you healed?

LORETTA

Oh, yes, I am healed. I have risen up.

CHARLIE

(WHOOOPS IN DELIRIOUS JOY) Wahooo!

DORELDA

Then go and do the work of the Lord.  
Go forth, for you have been healed.

LORETTA

Thank you ever so kindly, ma'am.

DORELDA

Thank the Lord.

LORETTA

Thank you, Sir.

DORELDA

You have been healed by faith. Go forth  
and stand forever erect.

LORETTA LETS GO OF THE WHEELCHAIR AND  
FALLS FALT ON HER ASS.

FADE OUT.